

woods, open fields, and over broken rocks the last half-hour. About 1,000 feet up they got into mist and gave up hope of a view at the top. Half-way up is the irrepressible hotel. Wherever there is a flat rock, there the Swiss build a hotel. This one is kept going solely by English people. There were thirty people there, all English. The last part of the climb was awful, scrambling over rocks, slipping over loose stones, etc., but they said it was well worth it, so truly wonderful and beautiful was the view. No mist the other side of the mountain. A sheer drop of 2,000 feet with nothing between them but air, because they found themselves on an overhanging ledge of rock. The great Aletsch glacier, a river of ice thirty miles long—just think of it! Away on the right was the huge mass of the Jungfrau, absolutely pure white, joined by a high ridge to the Mörich, almost as white. It was a magnificent view, not spoilt by hotel or railway or anything. Not a sound to be heard but the occasional cow bell on some distant hill. They sat up there for an hour, 10,000 feet above the sea and 7,000 feet above Fiesch. 7,000 feet is no joke, I assure you, to climb. They passed several people going up, many of whom turned back three-quarters of an hour from the top, either despairing of a view or too tired to attempt the last piece. There were three men they passed going up who stopped every five minutes to drink and sing as they were coming down. They met them again; they asked if there was anything to be seen from the top! They told them it was lovely; they were within forty minutes of the top. "Oh, impossible to be a view," they said, "and moreover, our bottles are empty"; whereupon they displayed eight empty bottles! They turned back, can you believe it, and followed us home; yet they were armed with ice axes and all correct paraphernalia. We took a short cut towards the end and found heaps and heaps of wild strawberries and raspberries; the short cut was so steep that we landed with no skin on our toes and no strength in our knees.

A. J. R.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Bulmer Rectory, York.

September 30th.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am writing just to let you know, to note it in "L'UMILE PIANTA," that I have received £2 in all for the Scale How Mission Fund, and have to-day sent £1 each to the Misses Conder and Smyth. I have been hoping that more would come in, but could wait no longer, as Miss Smyth starts for Uganda in a day or two. I received one subscription this morning; but only three have come in answer to the appeal, the rest I collected at the Conference.—Believe me, Ever yours most sincerely,

EVA H. LAURENCE.

Bewdley, Worcestershire.

September 12th.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have thirty-seven old numbers of "L'UMILE PIANTA" (from the first issue), which I want to sell, on account of being unable to house them. If you think any student would care to buy them, should you mind putting an advertisement in the magazine to that effect, please?—With best wishes, Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE MUCKLOW.

Kingwood, Peppard Common, Oxon.

September 29th, 1909.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been asked to become the Editor of the *Children's Quarterly*, a little magazine which I think all ex-students of the "House of Education" probably know.

I feel that this is a task I cannot undertake successfully unless I am well "backed up." I therefore appeal to all ex-students (and present students) and their pupils to support me by sending articles or letters suitable for publication in the *Children's Quarterly*. It has been suggested that the young readers of this magazine would be more keenly interested in it if they themselves contributed to it. So I would be glad if ex-students would not only write articles for the *Quarterly*, but would also encourage their pupils to do so too. All communications should be addressed to me here until further notice.—Believe me, Yours truly,

JANET MACFARLANE.

(Extract from a letter to the Editor, the writer an English girl of 18.)

ODESSA, RUSSIA.

"I want to know French thoroughly, as its use is increasing here, so Mlle. M. comes three times a week for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and is not sparing as far as 'prep.' is concerned. Oh, if you only knew the difference between an educated English girl and an educated Russian! What the French and English schoolgirl knows is absurdly small. The Russian not only has to study thoroughly the literature of her own country, but she knows the literature of all the leading nations equally well. It is such a pity our education is so local. We are such a conceited nation that we think if we know our own language and literature it is enough. I can assure you, when I hear Russian girls talking about continental arts, I hold my tongue and put in a 'yes' here and there; it is safer!"

Extract from another letter, writer an English girl of 18:—

"I have only had an ordinary education, so there is nothing that I can do."

Are not these two letters texts on which eloquent and burning sermons might be preached?

BUDGET GLEANINGS.

1.—A curious little foreign bird comes over to Sompting (Sussex), directly the figs are ripe, called a "Becca Fica"—does anyone know it? It is supposed to come from Italy.—J.D.

2.—Books recommended by E. T.: "Psychic Phenomena," Hudson; "Varieties of Religious Experience," W. James. (*Editor's Note*.—There were reviews of both these books in the *PIANTA* about five years ago.)

3.—We are being very fortunate with birds' nests. We found a nightingale's with four eggs. We had to see these by means of an electric light and a mirror. Also we got a redshank with four eggs; and two more nightingales with two eggs in each; one bird hatched out while we waited.—H.S. (Saxmundham).

4.—We have discovered striated corn catch-fly growing in profusion on the golf-links.—G.M. (Sheringham).

NOTICE.

June 18th, at Cadenham Grange, Cadnam, Hants, the wife of James Niebuhr Tod (*née* E. M. Garnier) of a son (David Arthur Niebuhr).